DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, TEMPERANCE, SCIENCE, AND EDUCATION.

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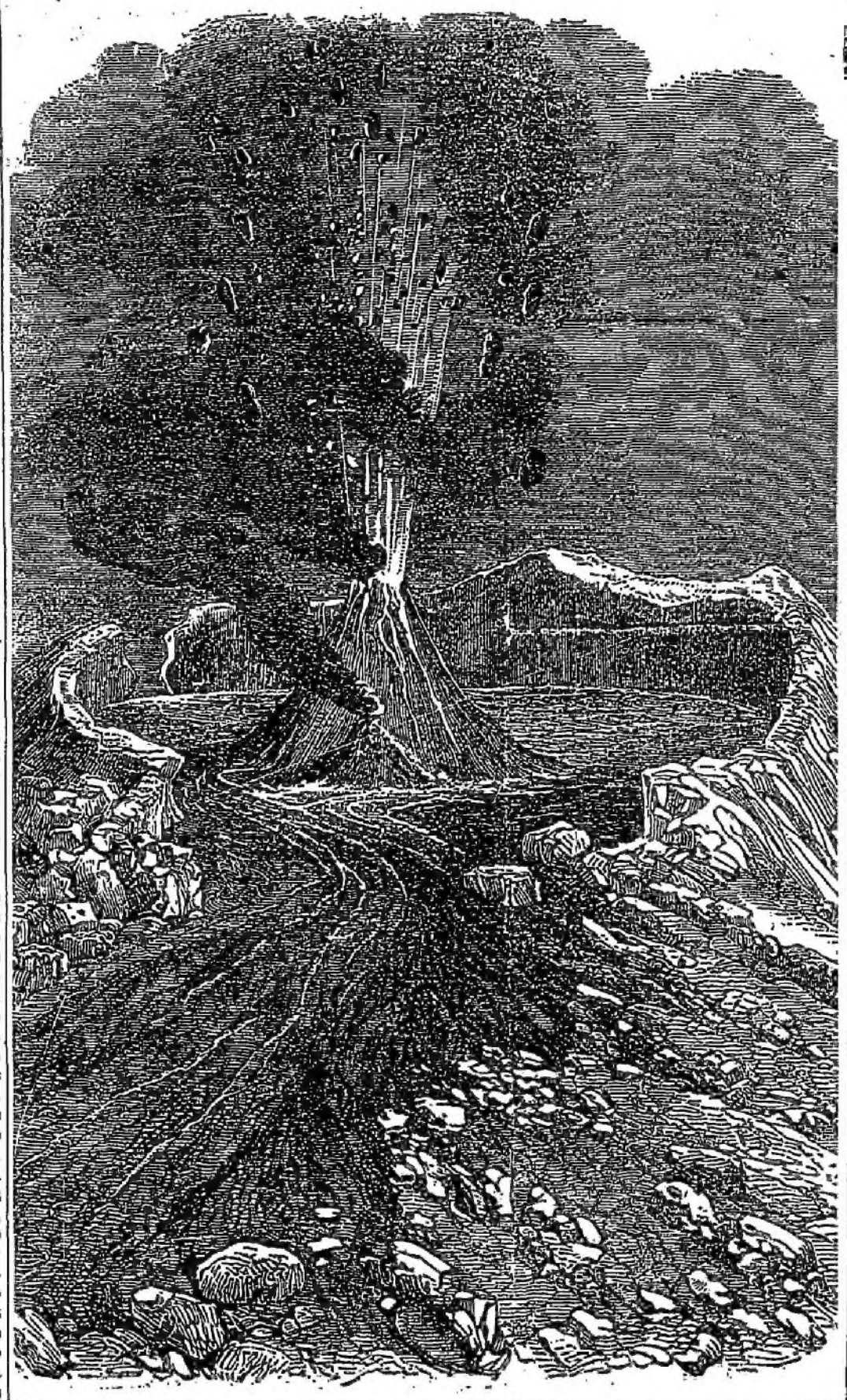
NOTICE.

Subscribers finding the figure 9 after their names will bear in mind that their term will expire at the end of the present month. Early remittances are desirable, as there is then no loss of any numbers by the stopping of the paper.

VESUVIUS.

The congregation of guides, mule-drivers, horse-leaders, bundle-carriers, and general attendants that welcomed us at Resina, where we stopped our carriage to ascend the mountain, was sufficient to have manned the expedition to Abyssinia. Such clamor, such pulling and hauling, such lying and swearing, such attempts at imposition, such utter confusion and perplexity, were almost enough to induce us to abandon our purpose. But at last, by firmness and patience, we got off with not more than twice as many guides as we needed. What advantage to the rider or mule it was to have a guide hanging to the creature's tail up the mountain, was not plain, but this was at least the only aid my guide rendered. My beast was not put into good humor by this prolongation of tail, but unhappily directed his animosity against my neighbor's mule instead of his tormentor, who merited a sound tap from his heels in return for the needless thwacks he gave him, which merely endangered my seat, without the least accelerating the ascent. But at last we got up the mountain. The old road, good for carriages nineteen years ago as far as the Hermitage, was ruined by the eruption of 1857. It was a costly road, and it is not likely to be rebuilt.

Vesuvius is about four thousand feet high. The Hermitage is about two thousand five hundred feet from the base. The lower cone begins about five hundred feet above the Hermitage. The crater (the old one) opens about seven hundred higher up, and within it a new cone has shot up two or three hundred feet. The recent eruption has been active about forty days, and is not to be considered a very serious one. It has been too deliberate and methodical to be alarming. It seems about as active as the one I witnessed in 1848. Indeed, in the few days I have been in Naples there has been no serious flaming from the top, or expulsion of stones. That had all gone by. The outflow of lava, though evidently much less than at many previous periods within recent generations, has been, and continues to be, considerable enough to awaken a lively interest and to produce a very impressive spectacle. The stream of the descending lava on the Naples side seemed to be about three hundred feet wide, and ran at least one thousand five hundred feet down the mountain. It changed its form, from day to day, from a Y to an O, and then nearly to a solid band. Hanging against the blackness of the mountain, it presented a very imposing if not a threatening appearance. It grew on the imagination with reflection, and was never grander than when it lighted us, with its lurid glare, out of the Bay of Naples—a red path of reflected light lay upon the smooth water, binding us to the volcano. The city with the crescent of lights, occupied its amphitheatre, as if spectators of the threat which Vesuvius held over it. Some day, the people are accustomed to say, the mountain will fulfil its warning, and bury Naples as it did Pompeii, and what they say as a jest, may well become a terrible fact. What a strange catastrophe, should the recovered statues of Herculaneum and Pompeii be doomed to a second entombment in the ashes of Vesuvius!—*Rev. Dr. Bellows.*



BOYHOOD OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

In 1821 Lieut. Keppel resumed his soldier's career as aide-de-camp to Lord Hastings in India. He takes advantage of his voyage to make himself a fair Persian traveller, and on his return he took a wide detour up the Tigris across Persia to St. Petersburg, which resulted in the publication of "Keppel's Overland Journey to England." In Dublin, as aide-de-camp to Lord Wellesley, then Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, he seems to have heard much to the detriment of the Duke of Wellington as a lad. He says:

The post which I now held brought me into frequent contact with persons who had been acquainted both with

"The Wellesley of Mysore, and the Wellesley of Assaye"

The elder brother, as is well known, after carrying away all the honors of school and university, entered Parliament at an early age, and soon established a character for himself as an orator and statesman. The abilities of Arthur, the younger brother, were of much slower development. The late Earl of Leitrim, who was with him at a small private school in the town of Portarlington, used to speak of him to me as a singularly dull, backward boy. Gleig, late Chaplain-General, in his interesting "Life" of the great Captain, says that his mother, believing him to be the dunce of the family, not only treated him with indifference, but in some degree neglected his education. At Eton his intellect was rated at a very low standard, his idleness in school-hours not being redeemed in the eyes of his fellows by any proficiency in the play-ground. He was a "dab" at no game—could neither handle a bat nor an oar. As soon as he passed into the remove, it was determined to place him in the "fool's profession," as the army in those days was irreverently called. At the Military College, at Angers, he seemed to have a little more aptitude for studying the art of war than he had shown for the "Humanities," but he was still a shy, awkward lad. It is a matter of notoriety that he was refused a collectorship of Customs on the ground of his incompetency for the duties; and I have reason to believe that a letter is now extant from Lord Mornington (afterwards Lord Wellesley) to Lord Camden, declining a commission for his brother Arthur, in the army, on the same grounds. When he became aide-de-camp to Lord Westmoreland, the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, his acquaintance with the usages of society was as limited as could well be possessed by any lad who had passed through the ordeal of a public school. Moore, the poet, who visited Dublin shortly before me, and who lived in much the same society as myself, alludes in his journal to the character for frivolity which young Wellesley had acquired while a member of the vicegregal staff. An old lady, one of his contemporaries, told me that when any of the Dublin *belles* received an invitation to a pic-nic they stipulated as a condition of its acceptance that "that mischievous boy, Arthur Wellesley, should not be of the party." It was the fashion of the period for gentleman to wear, instead of a neckcloth, a piece of rich lace, which was passed through a loop in the shirt collar. To twitch the lace out of its loop was a favorite pastime of the Inchcate "Iron Duke." The disastrous campaign of the Duke of York appears to have had a sobering effect upon his character. From that time forth he put away childish things, and betook himself in good earnest to the active duties of his profession.—*Literary World, Review of Lord Lyndhurst's Memoirs.*

NEW HEATHEN TEMPLES.—The *Lucknow Witness* says:—"A minister residing in America who made the tour of the world two years ago, remarked in a Missionary anniversary a few weeks since that in all his travels (through Japan, China and India) he never saw a *new heathen temple;* that all the pagan worship he witnessed was in old, dilapidated temples. We should be glad to corroborate the implied statement that heathen people have ceased building new temples, and that their places of worship as well as their faith are waxing old and vanishing; but so far as our experience in India is concerned we feel that this is not the case. And we presume that in every city of India whose Hindu population is not less than 15,000, new temples are being erected every year. Yet the circumstances under which these houses are being built should be explained. It is not to be inferred that they are the result of any deepened interest in spiritual things, either on the part of an individual or the community. Frequently they are result of a vow made to god or goddess. Often they afford a comforting method of disposing of ill-gotten gains. *Always* they are built *sans le waste*, for the name of the thing, and to set the neighbors talking in praise of the man who knows no other or cheaper way to show forth his generosity. These new temples do not at all dismay us or shake our faith in the coming day of India's redemption, when Christian Churches shall outnumber and eclipse both temples and mosques."

Temperance Department.

ABSTINENCE BEST FOR STRENGTH

(Being one of a Series of Conversations.)

PREPARED FOR THE GUROCO BAND OF COURAGE BY THE REV. DAVID MACRAE.

(1.) Does severe and exhausting toil not need some stimulant to keep up the strength?—On the contrary, the strength keeps up better and longer without it.

(2.) What proof is there of that?—You find proof wherever you find abstainers and drinkers working together.

(3.) What about the men in iron and glass works?—The foremen in some of the largest of these have declared that the abstainers amongst their workers live longer and have better health than the drinkers.

(4.) What about the men in the anchor forges?—Just the same. Dr. Beddoes got some of them at Portsmouth to give up their beer, and after two weeks' experiment it was found that these men were fresher and healthier than the others, and fresher and healthier than they used to be themselves.

(5.) Could people exposed to our severe weather, such as cabmen, do as well without drink?—They could do better, and they do. Eight hundred of the cabmen in London are abstainers, and they are the healthiest men in that employment.

(6.) Have many soldiers and sailors tried abstinence?—Thousands of them. Five thousand of our navy men are now abstainers, and 11,000 of our soldiers. In the Channel Fleet there are 250 abstainers amongst the seamen and officers. And these are amongst the best sailors and soldiers we have.

(7.) So people would all be as strong without it?—They would be stronger, and they know it more than they like to confess.

(8.) How do you think so?—Because whenever men are put in training for great feats of strength, drink is kept from them. It has been so with the athletes of all ages.

(9.) Were many of the Jews abstainers?—The Nazarites were all abstainers, and the Nazarites were the healthiest and best looking of all the Jews. Samson, the strongest man the Bible tells of, was a total abstainer.

ABSTINENCE BEST FOR ALL CLIMATES.

(1.) Are stimulants not needed in very cold weather to keep people warm?—On the contrary, they do harm by causing reaction. So they become more dangerous the more intense the cold becomes, unless people can get into a warm atmosphere before the reaction sets in.

(2.) Is that a fact?—A fact that should be well known. In Polar expeditions drink is almost always stopped. In one expedition the only death from cold was that of a man who got hold of some rum and drank it.

(3.) Should the rum not have heated him rather?—Of course it caused a sudden glow, but that went off very quickly, and was followed by a rapid reaction, and the man was frost-bitten and died.*

(4.) So even in Arctic snows men can do better without it?—*Far* better. Captain Kennedy, of the *Prince Albert* Exploring Expedition, travelled 1,200 miles over the Polar snows without losing a man, though the thermometer was below the freezing point of mercury; and in his official despatch he said their safety was owing to their total abstinence.†

(5.) But people say that you cannot do without stimulants in hot climates like India?—Nothing could be more absurd. The people of India itself—200,000,000 of them—are all abstainers.

(6.) Perhaps they mean Europeans?—It is just the same with Europeans. Colonel Conran of the Bengal Artillery said that at one station when drink was sold, he lost his men in scores. When drink was stopped, he didn't within the same time lose a single man.

(7.) Is it the same in active campaigning?—Quite the same. Sir Henry Havelock was an abstainer, so were his troops during the Sepoy Mutiny, and in consequence they were healthier, fought better, and lost fewer men.

(8.) Do statistics confirm all this?—They do. In the Madras army, it was shown in the "Statistical Society's Journal" that only eleven per thousand abstaining soldiers died for every twenty-three per thousand of their *moderate-drinking comrades*, and forty-four per thousand of the intemperate.

* In the Russian armies marching far north, corporals were detached to smell the men's mouths all round the regiment, because it was found that drinking arrack in the morning left them frost bitten at night. The arrack, even when it prevented the men from feeling the cold, made them the more apt to suffer from it.

† The only tourist who has ascended Mont Blanc without a guide is a total abstainer—the Rev. Mr. Mather, United Presbyterian minister of Laugbank. He was so solemnly warned of the necessity for spirits that he took a flask with him, but came back without ever having taken out the cork—not only safe and well, but far fresher than is usual with those who take stimulants.

TEMPERANCE AND THE CENTURY.

A half century ago Americans were dependent upon European workshops for every article of luxury, for almost all articles of comfort in everyday life, and for many articles of living necessity; and now we are absolutely independent of all the world for almost everything that relates to the wants of common life.

In passing through the long avenues of the Centennial Exhibition, bordered by the "exhibits" on either hand, I understood better than ever before some of the causes for the dullness of trade in Great Britain. I saw there samples of a great variety of important manufactures, the products of our own factories and workshops—all of which came from the United Kingdom a half century, a quarter of a century ago, giving abundant employment to her busy workmen and wealth to her manufacturers. Now these great industries are transferred to our own shores, and England must seek other means of finding work for her toiling millions, who at present are asking for bread. An English friend who was with me, observing everything with quick ear and sharp eye, said:

"I begin to see why it is that you are now supplying your own markets with all sorts of manufactured goods which you formerly had of us, and that you are competing with us and slowly supplanting us in the markets of the world."

"How is that?" I asked.

"Your working people are better educated and more intelligent than ours and they work longer hours in the week. Our work-people have been demanding more pay, and at the same time clamoring for shorter hours for work, not considering that the inevitable result of this is to drive many braches of industry out of the country, by making their products dearer, so they cannot compete in market with those manufactured under more favorable circumstances. And, besides this, our work-people are all idle upon the Saturday afternoon, which most of them spend in the beer-shops and grog-shops, with the Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night, so that great numbers of them do not return to work on the Monday, the Tuesday, and often on the Wednesday, as well, they are absent from their places; and vast numbers of them are away during the entire week. All this adds a considerable percentage to the cost of our manufactured goods. While in this country you have no 'Saint Monday,' Tuesday, or Wednesday, for your work people are regularly and steadily at their places. The Americans everywhere regard the liquor traffic as an evil—an inevitable evil many of them say; while in my country the people regard it and speak of it as a good, as a necessity, to be regulated and then protected by the law. The consequence of this policy is that our government establishes beer-shops and grog-shops and gin-palaces with a free hand everywhere through the kingdom, with the result of a general demoralization of the working classes and a widespread poverty, pauperism, and crime. And another result of this policy will be a gradual diminution of the industrial products of the country, with an increased cost of their manufacture; consequently, a gradual loss of the monopoly of the world's markets, where we have formerly found a ready sale for all our goods."

A great iron manufacturer in England told me that he employs in various establishments forty thousand men; that at least half of these are absent on the Monday and a third of them on the Tuesday also. In one establishment are employed five thousand men, and the works are never run upon the Monday, because so few men would come to their places. The result of this is that every week five thousand days' work are lost to the nation, five thousand days' wages are lost to the workmen, and his loss was thirty-five thousand pounds ($175,000) a year! The aggregate of this is a loss every year of two hundred and sixty thousand days' work to the nation, and two hundred and sixty thousand days' wages to the workmen, which, if earned by them, would add greatly to the comforts of their families. The money would be spent in purchasing manufactured goods of many kinds, thereby giving additional employment to working people, and the two hundred and sixty thousand days' work would add largely to the amount of products for exportation and home consumption.

This is but a fair sample of the course of things in the manufacturing districts of the country—especially in the iron and coal districts; and the result has been a considerable increase in the cost of production, so that many branches of industry are gradually leaving the country. This is especially true of the iron manufacture, one of the great industries of England, which is at present in a very depressed condition. The United States is now supplying its own market almost entirely, which formerly depended upon English furnaces; and Belgium is a formidable competitor with English manufacturers in English markets.

A grand railway bridge of iron has recently been built at Sunderland, on the east coast of England, a neighboring town to Newcastle-on Tyne, a great seat of the iron manufacture. The bridge was built by contract, after a free competition, and the Belgian iron-masters constructed it upon their own ground, then transported it to Sunderland (six hundred miles), and set it up, at less cost than the Newcastle men could do it, though distant less than twenty miles. An eminent English iron manufacturer assured me that less than one-tenth of the iron consumed in London was of British production. This gentleman is probably the largest employer of labor in England and one of her most successful and intelligent manufacturers. He attributes this decadence of British industry entirely to the effect upon the working classes of the omnipresent beer-shop and grog-shop.—*Hon. Neal Dow, in N. Y. Independent.*

REFORM CLUB MOVEMENT.

BY REV. JAMES UPHAM, D.D.

The present temperance movement in New England is, we think, the most vital and most hopeful movement of our times. It is not simply the last new excitement; it has been quietly deepening and widening until now, its character and proportions command general attention and respect. Its converts do not tell their experience with that sort of gusto which so largely marks the old Washingtonians, and which almost made one think it was a nice thing to be a drunkard and then reform. It has worked down deeper into the consciousness of personal need, and in the despair of self-help, has laid hold on Him who is mighty to save to the uttermost. Its language is, "I cried unto the Lord, and unto the Lord I made my supplications. What profit is there in my blood when I go down into the pit?"—a drunkard's grave and a drunkard's hell. "Hear, O Lord, and have mercy upon me. Lord, be Thou my helper! Thou hast turned my mourning into dancing. Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded me with gladness."

This thirtieth Psalm, Dr. Reynolds, the leader of the movement, says, was what saved him. He was a graduate of Harvard, and a physician of fifteen years, practice. But long continued moderate drinking had at length brought him to that stage whence opened clearly out before him, as an educated man, a sight of himself as a drunken sot hurrying on to the pit. That Psalm tells his experience, his despair, his cry to God, his rescue, his conviction that God alone can help and heal the drunkard. He has given himself to the work of saving others just as he was saved himself, and he has already, in Maine alone, seen more than twenty thousand gathered into reform clubs which recognize the same idea of help in God. Nearly nine-tenths of these have thus far, for some two years, been true to their pledges.

In the larger towns of northeastern Massachusetts, and especially in Essex County, the reform has already wrought wonders. In Gloucester, the most intemperate town in the State, the labors of Dr. Reynolds resulted in gathering 1,200 into a reform club; and when he left, a procession of two thousand men escorted him with music to the depot, and rent the air with their grateful cheers as the train moved away. On the return of the procession through the streets lined with liquor-saloons it found them almost wholly deserted.

This is but a sample in kind of the work being done, and extending itself constantly to new fields. In some places where it began with but little of the religious element, it has more recently put on new power by a larger infusion of this element. It has also received, in various ways, great aid from the Women's Temperance Unions, the Young Men's Christian Associations, and from the pastors and churches. The reformed drunkards, moreover, are finding their way into the churches to be further cared for and guarded.

On the first Sabbath of February, four such were received to the communion of one of the churches in this city (Chelsea), all of whom gave good evidence of having been truly reformed and converted. One is a most effective and eloquent speaker, who will probably do excellent service in the cause. Another had been a heavy load on the heart of his dying mother. She clung to life that she might cling to her erring boy and hold him back from the precipice which he seemed to be rapidly nearing. Fearing that her death might drive him to drink deeper of the maddening bowl, she sent a dying request to the Women's Temperance Union, that they would follow that son with their prayers. The Union entered into the mother's feelings, and much prayer was offered for the poor young man. But it was as the mother feared. The son sought to drown grief and discouragement in drink, and at length one morning was found chilled on the bare earth of the Common, where he had passed the night dead drunk. He was cared for by the ladies, and sent to McKenzie's Home for Inebriates in Boston, where the Lord healed him—making him every whit whole.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

THE ACCURSED THING.

A writer in the *Christian Union* says: In some cases a man has been cursed in *his* children. They have been unruly, or dishonest, or dissipated, and have wasted the ill-gotten gain. The very money may have wrought their ruin. Some were childless, and their heirs only waited for them to die. Or God took away their children, so that their success brought them no good. It would take whole chapters to tell these stories.

Or, a curse seemed to hang upon the money itself; and, though wisely cared for and applied with a good conscience and apparent good intent, something always stood in the way of its real usefulness. The most well-meant attempts, the most pious efforts would fail. The "dirty money" was not always lost, but it carried no blessing with it, rather a curse, as if it were inherent in the gold itself. "Strange!" No, it is not strange, if we believe the Bible, and it seems as if it could not be purged, with sacrifice or offering.

In some cases these things are recognized, as when men plundered the city treasury of New York of millions with a high hand, and were driven into exile, disgrace, imprisonment or untimely death. There the curse was plain and sure.

Thus it is with individuals, thus it is with governments, with nations. How is it with our own? Have the millions, the fruit of slave labor, done us any good? Wasted in the war, in every way accursed, and carrying with them the thousands of precious lives, and the end is not yet. "Shall I not visit them for these things, saith the Lord, and shall not my soul be avenged on such a nation as this?"

Some day with clearer vision we shall see how it is with the revenue which the State derives from the accursed liquor traffic, which is semi-legalized by license; that traffic which numbers its dollars and its victims by millions, "and souls of men."

The British Government in India has compelled the people of a whole province to raise opium, and nothing else, in order to have a supply and force the trade upon the Chinese—for money. Now and then there is a famine, and thousands starve. Is this to be passed by? The Chinese Government protests, and would fain shut out the drug and save its people from temptation, alas! too strong.

But power prevails, and money, and the weaker submit to the stronger. The heathen nation submits to the Christian, whose God has promised his curse upon oppression and upon unjust gain.

Our Lord is merciful and gracious, and "doth not afflict willingly," but He is also just, and in the nature of things penalty is inseparable from sin.

A DESTRUCTIVE AGENT.—One of the really fearful results of tobacco is its creating an intensely craving, morbid appetite. Like indulgence in alcoholic drinks and opium,—the habits of smoking and chewing produce intolerably gnawing sensations of want, and so deaden the moral powers that victims are held as in a vice. Most of those who have long indulged, will at times acknowledge that tobacco injures them; that it is a wasteful expense and unclean habit; that they often wish it had never been acquired. But they are so conscious that reformation must be preceded by days and perhaps weeks of suffering, that they have no courage to attempt to break off. From this degrading slavery young men and boys can yet be saved. Doctor Stone of Troy declares that tobacco is the true cause of a large number of fatal cases of heart-disease. To this Dr. Warren, of Boston, agrees, and adds, that excessive smoking is known to produce cancerous affections of the tongue and lip. Dr. Willard Parker, of New York city says: "It is now many years since my attention was called to the insidious, but positively destructive effects of tobacco on the human system. I have seen a great deal of its influence upon those who use it and work in it. Cigar and snuff manufacturers have come under my care in hospitals and in private practice, and such persons can never recover soon, and in a healthy manner: from cases of injury or fever. They are more apt to die in epidemics, and more prone to apoplexy and paralysis. The same is true also of those who chew or smoke."

Agricultural Department.

PASTURE SHADES FOR MILCH COWS.

The question of shade in pastures is being discussed, and we *regret to see* it urged that shade is of no benefit to dairy stock, but is, on the contrary, a disadvantage in this—that it fosters a kind of *lazy* inactivity and thus, by preventing a full consumption of food, lessens the yield of milk.

The advocates of "no shade in pasture," argue that the cow is simply a machine for the manufacture of milk—that to make a large yield requires a large amount of food above that needed for the support of the animal, and that when pastures are supplied with trees or other shade, cows in hot weather seek shelter and rest and will not feed for a full yield of milk. Take away this inducement for comfort, they say, and cows will rest no longer in the hot sun than is necessary, because they will be compelled in their discomfort to move about—and thus grazing is promoted. We know dairymen of large practical experience who hold to this view of the question, and who have taken pains to remove every shade tree from their pastures. But is it a fact that cows will give more milk under such circumstances? And even though it be shown that a gain of milk can be made by removing all shade in pastures, are dairymen justified in adopting such a system?—and will not the milk of cows so exposed to the sun *during intensely hot weather be injured?*

So far as we can learn, there have been no properly conducted experiments that prove that a larger yield of milk can be obtained from cows when they are not allowed shade in hot weather, than when they are allowed shade. It is true cows will not yield so much milk when they have the run of large tracts of timber, because in woodlands the cows crop the leaves of trees and feed upon various plants that have a tendency to lessen the yield of milk. It is quite different with shade trees scattered here and there over grass lands—they have acquired size and the branches are above the reach of cattle. We do not believe that cows deprived of shade will yield more milk than those which have it under such circumstances. All our experience in the care and management of milch cows teaches us that the more comfort you can give the animal the more milk she will yield, other things being equal; and when cows seek shade during hot weather, they do it to escape the burning rays of the sun, and because it affords them relief and comfort in the same way that it does man when similarly exposed. It is a cruel practice to compel cattle to bear the intense rays of the sun during our hot summers. They need protection at such seasons and if man finds shade, *at times*, not only grateful but necessary, there is no reason why the same rule may not apply in some degree to our *domestic animals*. We have reason to believe that milk is not unfrequently seriously impaired, when cows have been exposed for *many hours to intense heat* under the direct rays of the sun. It has a tendency to make the animal feverish, and hence where pastures are stripped of shade trees it is well to erect temporary shades. And these temporary shades can be made useful for enriching knolls and the poorest parts of the field that need manures for these shades will draw the cattle to such points for rest and there will be an accumulation of droppings which will be of great utility in renovating these spots. Then by changing the shades from place to place as occasion requires these poor spots will be permanently benefited all over the field.

Those who study to get the largest results from milch cows are careful to keep the animals as quiet and as comfortable as possible. All excessive travel or labor in obtaining food, all pain, fear, and anxiety are disturbing causes that check the secretion of milk to a much larger extent than most people imagine. —*Rural New Yorker.*

Training Colts.—One of the meanest habits of young horses is that of lying down in the harness. Some colts will lie down almost as soon as you have them harnessed. Sometimes a blow from the whip, delivered low down along the side, quick and sharp, will bring them up with a spring. If one or two blows do not answer, the whip is of no use; you will only torture and scare your colt needlessly. The better way is "to beat him at his own trade," as the saying is. When he lies down, get upon his head and neck, and make him stay there. After five or ten minutes, he will begin to grow uneasy. Now there is no position which gives man such absolute command and mastery over a colt as when he has his knee on his neck, and his hands gripped into the bridle-pieces. Thus situated, man is absolutely "master of the situation;" and we have often thought that it was a very good idea to have a colt of rather vicious temper lie down once, in order that he might learn how powerless he is in the hands of man. When a colt gives up, the man at his head will easily perceive it. The hot blaze and mad glitter will leave the eye; the muscles will relax *their tension*; the neck will become limp; and the whole body, losing its rigidity, will lie along the earth as if it had no thought of rising, and would never rise. This is the stage of exhaustion and submission. The colt's rampant spirit is cowed, and his pride humbled. His conceit is taken out of him. He has been beaten by his own weapons and knows it. He will never trouble you again in that way. As to the time it takes to bring a colt to this conviction, there *is no precise limit*. Some colts will "give it up" in twenty minutes, some in sixty, and we have known colts hold out for three hours. But, whether it takes longer or shorter, carry the thing through. Believe us, you cannot spend your time better.—*Golden Rule.*

The Potato Disease.—An important discovery in relation to the potato has been made by Mr. Worthington Smith, who has at last found the resting spores of the *Peronospora infestans*. These he discovered when investigating leaves attacked with the so-called "new" disease, of which so much has been said and written of late. He has distinctly detected the zoospore and antheridium of the potato fungus after macerating one of the diseased leaves for several days in water. The "new" disease proves to be the "old enemy in disguise," or in other words he says, "the old *Peronospora infestans* is an unusual and excited condition." Mr. Smith, in a paper recently read before the Society, recounts the process by which he arrived at such conclusions, in which he also explains his reasons for thinking that "the fungus which produces the potato disease is aquatic in one stage of its existence, and in that stage the resting spores are formed." The reason the resting spores have evaded previous search is because no one has *thought of finding them amongst* leaves macerated with water. The Society have awarded Mr. Smith the Banksian gold medal, *in recognition of the value of his discoveries*. Of course nothing is yet gained but additional scientific information of the history of the disease, and its means of propagation. No remedy is suggested. It is certain, however, the disease cannot be cured until it is understood, and a correct knowledge of its nature will, perhaps, some day suggest the proper means of prevention or cure.—*London (Eng.) Farmer.*

Hungarian Grass.—I sowed my Hungarian grass, last year, on the 15th of June, half a bushel of seed to the acre, which is enough. I began to mow for hay on the 20th of August. I had then mowed and fed it green to the cows for more than a week. The yield of hay was more than two tons per acre. The cows giving milk ate it well all winter, once a day, with a foddering of corn stalks once and hay once. I cannot say that it is equal to the best hay, but it is very valuable when hay is scarce, and giving a good crop on those farms where there is not sufficient meadow, and the tillable land is warm and dry. It requires as much time for curing as clover, and the same method; that is, in the cock. It is more easily handled than clover, and less in danger of being injured by rains. It leaves the land in good condition to be prepared for wheat, and wheat now looks very promising where preceded by this grass. The Hungarian smothers all weeds, thistles and quack. It comes (with me) in the place of a summer fallow, after corn, and makes no more labor really than a fallow, which requires frequent ploughing. If it proves that wheat does about as well after Hungarian grass as after a fallow, we shall call it an acquisition. It does not make as much valuable fodder as sowed corn, but the cost of labor is not nearly so much as in harvesting sowed corn. And sowed corn cannot well be followed by wheat; even if it were early enough, it leaves the land in a bad condition.—*Newton Reed, in Country Gentleman.*

The Horse's Age.—A colt is born with twelve grinders; in twelve days he will have four front teeth added, and when another four make their appearance he will be four weeks old. At eight months of age the corner teeth have come, and when they have attained to the length of the front teeth he is one year old. A two year old colt has the dark substance in the middle of the crown of the teeth, called the kernel, ground out of all its front teeth. During the fourth year the next four teeth are shifted, and the corner teeth in the fifth. At six years of age the bridle teeth have attained to their full growth, and the kernel is worn out of the lower middle front teeth. At seven years the bridle teeth begin to wear off, the kernel of the teeth next to the middle front is worn out, and a hook has been formed in the corner teeth of the upper jaw. The kernel is worn out of all the lower teeth and begins to decrease in the middle upper front at eight years. In the ninth year the bridle teeth lose their points, the hook in the corner teeth has increased in size, and the kernel has entirely disappeared from the upper middle front teeth. At ten years the kernel has worn out of the teeth next to the middle front of the upper jaw, and it has entirely vanished from the corner teeth of the same jaw in the eleventh year. When the animal has attained twelve years the crowns of all the front teeth in the lower jaw have become triangular, and the bridle teeth are worn down a great deal. As the horse further advances in age, the gums shrink away from the teeth and the kernels change into dark-looking points.

Uses of Rawhide.—The skin of an animal, whether cow, calf, colt, or horse, that dies on a farm, is worth more at home than at the tanner's. Cut into narrow strips, and shave off the hair with a sharp knife before the kitchen fire, or in your work-shop, on stormy days and evenings. You may make them soft by rubbing. A rawhide halter-strap an inch wide will hold a horse better and last longer than an inch rope. It is stronger than hoop-iron, and more durable; and may be used to hoop dry casks and boxes, and for hinges. Try it on a broken thill, or any wood-work that has been split. Put it on wet, and nail it fast. Thin skins make the best bag-string in the world. A rawhide rope is a good substitute for a chain. It is valuable to mend a broken link in a trace-chain. For some purposes it is best to use it in its natural state. For other purposes it may be dressed soft.—*Vermont Chronicle.*

Early Cut Grass Best.—The German papers publish details of a series of experiments carried on at the agricultural schools in that country for the purpose of testing the nutritive properties of grass and hay at various stages. By an elaborate series of analyses it is shown why young grass is more nutritious than mature grass. The physiological experiments show that it is more easily digestible. Thus grass 2½ inches high contains nearly 50 per cent. more of albumenoid than the grass which is 6 inches high, and 10 more of "crude fat." The mature grass contains more woody fibre and less flesh-forming matter than the young grass, and, besides this, it is found that the nutritious albumenoids exist in a less soluble form in hay than in young grass. Hence the difference of nutritive value and digestibility. Autumnal hay was found to be more nutritious than summer hay.

Bran and Corn Meal for Cows.—The *Practical Farmer* says: It is well settled, in the opinion of all our best dairymen, that bran greatly promotes the milk secretions in cows, and it is fed almost universally. About equally mixed with corn meal is the usual proportion. This mixture seems to promote both quantity and quality of milk. Hungarian grass is also found for milch cows to be rather superior to the ordinary run of hay. The last year or two Hungarian grass has loomed up wonderfully in the estimation of our dairy farmers, and a very large scope of land will be sown with it the coming season. It matures for cutting in about sixty days, and produces two to four tons per acre, the latter, of course, on good soil. Three pecks to the acre is the usual allowance of seed.

Old House Plaster.—In tearing down old buildings or scraping *plaster* off the ceilings, for improvements, a large mass of stuff is furnished that may be of great benefit to gardeners and farmers, if they will haul it home and put it on their land. There is no other form of lime which they can get that would be so valuable, in proportion to its cost, as old house-plaster; and when their teams are in town, it will pay the farmers richly to haul the old plaster home and put it on their corn and garden patches; and in no application will it give a better return than when put around the trees and berry bushes.—*Maryland Farmer.*

—A writer in the London *Garden* describes his method of training petunias as follows: "He takes hazel rods, about two feet long, bends them like croquet hoops, and drives both ends into the bed, at suitable intervals, all over it. On these he trains petunias, which blossom more abundantly than usual under this treatment. Petunias have been successfully treated as if they were sweet pea vines, and trained on a slanting trellis. The trailing habit of this plant, especially late in the season, is not always sufficiently considered."

—There has as yet been no application discovered for destroying the Colorado potato beetle so sure and cheap as Paris green. It is a poison, and a physician-farmer, living near this city, wishes us to call attention to the fact that if applied with water, it is perfectly safe for ordinary use. A table-spoonful mixed in a pailful of water and applied with an old broom will invariably kill the beetles; and by keeping a pail set apart to this special use, there can be no danger of injury to anything except the beetles.

DOMESTIC.

Currant and Raspberry, or Currant and Cherry Pudding.—Take equal quantities of raspberries and currants, or cherries and currants; line a pudding-basin with a suet-crust; stem your fruit; put it into the basin with plenty of sugar, but do not put any water; cover it with a top crust well fastened on; tie a cloth over it, and boil for two hours.

Baked Tomatoes.—Select well-ripened fruit of a nearly uniform size, say two or three inches in diameter, and arrange them on an earthen pie-dish. Baking them on tin injures them in taste, color, and wholesomeness. Place the smaller ones in the middle and bake in quite a hot oven, until tender, say from an hour to an hour and a quarter. If the juice should dry out, add a little water. Make them soft and tender, but do not let them burn. Serve warm or cold.

French Raspberry Tart.—Choose a pint of very fine ripe raspberries, either red or white; stem them, and throw them into a boiling syrup, made with a quarter of a pound of loaf-sugar and a tablespoonful of water; withdraw them immediately from the fire; line a tart-dish with a puff-paste rolled as thinly as possible; lay in the fruit, and syrup, observing to keep the raspberries as whole as possible; put it into a quick oven for twenty minutes; strew more sugar over it, and glaze it; or, if to be served cold, pour raw cream over it.

Bean and Tomato Soup.—Take one quart each of well-boiled beans and canned tomatoes; mash the beans thoroughly with a pestle, and rub them through a collander; then add two quarts of water and put them to cook with the tomatoes; add one medium-sized onion, finely minced; boil all together fifteen or twenty minutes; thicken with about one gill of sifted Graham flour rubbed in water; boil five minutes more and then serve. The above quantity is sufficient for a dozen persons. Parsley, thyme, or sage may be used instead of the onion.

Baked Beans and Tomatoes.—Mix equal proportions of well-cooked beans and cooked or canned tomatoes; add finely minced onion, to the taste, depending somewhat on the strength of the latter, and put all in a dish to bake. If there *is a large proportion of* moisture, let the dish be wide and flat like a pie-dish, otherwise use a nappy. Bake long and gently, *from an hour to an hour and* a half in a moderate oven. Less baking will do, but does not make them so nice. Serve warm.

Method in the Household.—A girl who ever since she left the school-room has been at every one's beck and call all day long, and then has had all her habits deranged by her halcyon days of courtship, and afterward by bridal travels and visits, may often feel it difficult to settle into regularity when in her own house. But then is her time. Most likely, though her avocations are more needful, the arrangement of them is more in her own hands than when she was only one member of a household. If her husband be a busy man, he is probably bound to certain hours, and she knows exactly what time he will have to bestow on her. If he has a good deal of time on his hands, and is apt to want her at all hours, though all plans must be postponed to his pleasure, still it is well to have certain fixed landmarks in the day, to which to persuade him to conform, or that strange wild thing will grow up, a ramshackle household, in which no one knows when anything is to be done, nor where any one is to be found, and there is continual fret and worry to all who do not chance to be born with a reckless easy-going temper. Let not the young wife be led away by the foolish saying that only tiresome people do things at regular times. Probably she has a good many hours of the day before her while her husband is engaged, and she will do much more wisely if she resolves against being desultory. If she picks up her work or her book, or tries the last bit of music, just when the humor takes her; rushes out to garden or to shop the moment an idea or a want strikes her, encourages gaddings at all hours with the friend next door, and writes her letters either on the spur of the incoming post or in a frenzy of haste at its departure, she will ere long be weary, find nothing done, and have begun on a course that will not be easy to break. She will be much wiser, and much less likely to spend a wearisome life of muddle, and of running after omissions, if she fixes with herself certain tasks at certain hours, and on regular days—putting foremost those that she is most disposed to shirk. Domestic affairs naturally are periodical, and good servants are only to be made, or kept, by regularity in all that concerns them. So charitable works (except on emergencies) are better followed out at regular times.—*Monthly Packet.*

BRAVE BOUSSARD, THE FAMOUS PILOT OF DIEPPE.

(From Chatterbox.)

Hundreds sank down on their knees on the shore and prayed for the brave man, that the Almighty God would protect him, and bless his heroic effort: all hearts beat rapidly, while eager looks were divided between the struggle of the vessel and the struggle of the brave swimmer with the waves of the furious sea.

Those who have not beheld the sea when it is lashed by a violent storm can have no idea of the terrible power of the waves. Nothing can impress the heart more with a feeling of the littleness and weakness of man, than when he stands confronted with the raging of the elements. But we often see, too, that there is One Hand that can protect and guide him. This was proved in the case of the brave, generous Boussard. It was dreadful, indeed, to behold him, now borne up high as a house on the foaming crest of a wave visible to all eyes, and the next moment buried from sight in the deep trough of the breakers.

"He is lost!" cried many, in the anguish of their hearts.

"No! no! he is the best swimmer in Dieppe," cried others.

"He has strength and courage, his equal is nowhere to be found."

"God will protect and bless him!" cried those who, with piety and faith, trusted in the help of the Almighty and merciful God.

Thus an anxious quarter of an hour passed between hope and fear. With the strength of a giant, Boussard breasted the waves. The bold swimmer could no longer be seen from the shore, but it was just light enough for the crew of the cutter to watch the man who was risking his own life to save them from impending death. A loud cry of joy greeted the approaching deliverer. The unhappy seamen had long since given up all hope. They had seen how vain all the attempts which had been made to save them had hitherto been—they could not imagine how the solitary man should venture to accomplish what had been impossible to so many. All the greater was their joy when they saw the brave fellow approaching. They were as full of hope, as just now they had been of despair; they imagined themselves, indeed, safe on the shore. But much, very much, had to be done before their hope could be realized.

Boussard had already approached very near to the cutter, when suddenly a huge wave seized him, and hurled him back with its might. He was completely stunned. Before he could recover his senses he was back again on the shore, which he had left such a short time before, so full of courage and hope. There lay the poor generous man on the strand, and it was several minutes before he revived from the fearful exertion and exhaustion.

The tidings that Boussard had jumped into the sea to try to rescue the poor shipwrecked mariners had brought his wife and children down to the pier, where with anguish they had watched the struggles of their beloved husband and father. They had wrung their hands with terror whenever he threatened to sink; they had shrieked and lamented when the waves had cast him back. Now they surrounded him with mingled feelings of sorrow and joy. They implored him to give up the attempt, and not uselessly to sacrifice his life. Many of his relations and friends—even strangers, too—joined in their request. His own comrades now thought that all would be in vain. It was not to be. God Himself had declared it by allowing him to be cast back upon the shore. All entreated him to give up the attempt, as the poor shipwrecked seamen could not be helped.

"You were never in such a plight yourselves, and don't know how those poor fellows feel," said Boussard.

Deaf to all entreaties and to the lamentations of his wife and children, and to the advice of companions, he tore himself from the arms which would hold him back, and again jumped into the water. But it did not last long. In a few moments a tremendous billow cast him back again on the shore.

All surrounded the brave fellow again, imploring him to desist with tears and cries. But the noble Boussard only answered, "Don't you hear their cries for help?" He pushed back his friends who would detain him, and dashed again into the waves.

It seemed as if the noble pilot was destined not to reach his goal. He had only swam a very little way when the sea again hurled him back upon the shore. Five times, with unflinching valor, he repeated his attempts. At last, the fifth time, he succeeded. He reached the stranded vessel, and with a cry that sounded far and wide, even above the roar of the wind and waves, the perishing seaman greeted their heroic deliverer. But he was not yet on board the vessel. A wave threw him so violently against the ship that the crew uttered a shriek of terorr, for they thought that their brave deliverer had been stunned by the shock and would certainly sink. One of the sailors from on board sprang into the sea to help him; but Boussard, marvellous to relate, was quite unhurt, while the sailor who had wished to save him was stunned by the fall, and would certainly have been drowned if the brave pilot had not seized him with his strong arm. He swam with him back to the shore, and brought him safely to dry land.

"Take care of him," cried he, as, for the sixth time he dashed into the sea.

His wife and children wept aloud. Surely his strength must be exhausted! Unless the Almighty God works a miracle, without doubt he will perish, they thought.

God watched over the life of

that noble man. The eye of the All-merciful had seen that love in Boussard's heart which made him ready to lay down his life for his brethren, and graciously protected him. He gave His angels charge over him, and He fulfilled His promise to the brave sailor, who trusting in the help of his God, had thrown himself into the raging sea, to save the lives of his brethren from death. "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee."

Boussard safely reached the wreck, the yards and tackling of which were already floating about, and which in a few minutes must go to pieces.

"God is my Protector!" he cried cheerfully.

To have saved one man was not enough to satisfy the brave, generous fellow; it had only made him the more eager to save the rest.

Six still remained on board the wreck. How would it be possible to rescue them all? His plan was formed, however. If the unfortunate men understood him, and the Almighty gave His blessing, then he would succeed in the project which he had planned during his struggle with the waves.

When he reached the cutter he threw his rope to the men, and they seized it.

With a loud voice, which sounded above the howling of the storm and the roaring of the sea, he called out to them, "Hold it fast!" He quickly unwound it from his powerful frame; then grasping the end of the rope firmly, and throwing himself on a wave which was rolling in towards the shore, he allowed it to cast him on the strand, where a hundred arms were stretched out to drag him on shore.

On a signal-gun being fired from the land, the six men (who had fastened the rope to their bodies) sprang into the sea. A hundred arms dragged at the rope with all their strentgh. In a few moments they were all safe on shore: their dreadful death-struggle with the raging sea was fought out and over. With joy they threw themselves into each other's arms, forgetting all the danger which had just threatened them. Then they fell on their knees and with uplifted hands thanked the Almighty, who had given His blessing to the generous efforts of their deliverer. But suddenly the steersman exclaimed, "May God have mercy on the poor sick man still left on board!"

A silent thrill of horror passed through the crowd as they heard these words.

"What!" cried Boussard: "a sick man on board your cutter? Where is he?"

The steersman, in a few words described the place where he lay.

"Boussard!" cried his wife, in despair, as she clasped him in her arms, "hast thou quite forgotten me and thy children? Wilt thou once more risk thy life after the merciful God has so narrowly saved thee? Dost thou no longer love us, that thou wilt rush into certain death? Thou hast done all that thou couldst; thy strength is exhausted. Thou canst never be so rash as to try again! Hundreds are standing around, who have done nothing yet; let them make an attempt."

Her tears and entreaties were in vain.

"God is my Protector!" cried the noble Boussard. "Pray to Him, and He will aid me again as He has hitherto done. I should not have a peaceful hour again all my life, if that poor sick man should perish without my having made an attempt to rescue him."

With these words he tore himself away from his wife and children, and the next moment saw him again borne on the crest of a wave far from the shore.

"This is nothing but fool-hardiness! it is tempting God!" cried some of his fellow-townsmen. "He is lost! he must perish! he will never be able to keep up!" cried others. "May God have mercy on the brave man!" said many, with hearty compassion. His wife and children knelt on the shore and clasped their hands in prayer, while tears of despairing grief flowed down their cheeks.

Every eye was strained to catch a glimpse of the brave fellow, who swam like a fish through the waves, using every billow which retreated from the shore as a means of carrying him out further into the sea, and thus gaining strength to battle with the next, which would have hurled him back on the beach.

It was now so dark that the wreck could scarcely be seen; but the lamp was kindled in the lighthouse, and was casting its beams over the wild, raging sea.

And Boussard—where was he? how was he getting on? God's eye watched over him; His holy angel bore him up. With prudent forethought he swam to the windward side of the wreck. From thence much tackling was hanging down. With his strong arm he seized one of the ropes, and by its aid clambered up on to the deck, where the waves had already washed everything away. The water, too, had risen high into the hold.

As he descended the hatchway the sick man stretched out his arms to him and cried with a faint voice, "Oh! save me! save me!"

"God be praised!" exclaimed Boussard, as his heart swelled with joy to find the poor man still alive He hoped now that he should be able to save the last one; but there was not a moment to be lost. The ship groaned and trembled, the waves were dashing furiously against it on all sides. At every fresh blow it threatened to sink, and then they would both be lost. Boussard seized the sick man, drew him out of the cabin on to the deck, and here quickly cut off a strong rope. With this he bound the helpless man to a beam of timber, then grasping firm hold of him, he pushed him into the sea, just at the moment when a huge wave was rolling in towards the shore.

The sick man had just strength to keep himself upright enough to be able to breathe. Now Boussard managed to push the beam before him; then swam beside it till a second wave, rolling onwards, threw both the timber with the sick man on it as well as his deliverer on the strand. The grand and heroic deed had, by God's mercy, been successful.

The anxious and excited people had lighted many lanterns, which gleamed everywhere along the shore, and now the cry arose, "There is Boussard!" Strong arms drew him up into safety, and unbound the sick man.

"Quick with him to the hospital!" cried Boussard, as he sank down exhausted.

Shouts of rejoicing now sounded from the pier, and soon throughout the whole town of Dieppe. The wife and children of the brave pilot embraced the husband and father whom God in His mercy had restored to them. With deepest gratitude the rescued sailors surrounded the man who had saved them from certain death.

His strength, kept up by the extreme excitement, had lasted till his noble work was completed. Now it suddenly gave way—he fell fainting into the arms of his wife.

"Oh, my God! he is dying!" cried the agonized woman: and the children wept as if their hearts would break round their beloved father.

A surgeon was quickly at hand. "Be comforted, good woman," said he; "it is only a fainting fit."

They bathed his forehead, poured a few drops of wine into his mouth, and he soon opened his eyes, and said, with a smile, to his wife, "Don't be uneasy, dearest Madelcine! thy Boussard is not dying."

Sailors bore the brave pilot in their arms to the nearest inn, where he obtained some refreshment. The surgeon who accompanied him had no little trouble to defend him from the proofs of love and gratitude which willnigh overwhelmed him.

"My good Boussard," said the kind man, "you need rest; come, I will go with you to your home."

"Thank you, sir," replied Boussard; "but first if you will be so kind, come with me to the hospital, that I may see how they are all getting on, especially the sick man."

It was a real triumphal procession to the hospital, where the state of the sick man demanded a rest which it was scarcely possible for the authorities to obtain for him. The surgeon alone accompanied Boussard into the room where all the shipwrecked sailors were assembled. They were as well as could be expected under the circumstances, and the sick man was apparently better.

Oh, what tears of gratitude flowed when Boussard entered the apartment! He and the surgeon wept with the rescued. Boussard directed them to look above, to the Almighty and gracious God, Who, by the blessing He had granted, had been the real and only Author of his success.

"I have been only God's instrument," said the modest, noble, and pious seaman; "but that I should have been allowed to be it, for that shall my soul praise and glorify Him forever!"

The inhabitants of Dieppe testified their satisfaction of their brave fellow-citizen by oft-repeated praises, but the brave deed of the noble pilot became known very soon beyond the limits of his native town, and the fame of it soon spread throughout France. Letters of praise—some containing rich presents of money, which were very acceptable, as Boussard was poor—came to him from all parts.

(TO BE CONTINUED.

The Family Circle.

THE WEALTH OF A WIFE.

"Ehen! quam infortunii miserrimum est fuisse felicem."

The wealth of a wife that will work for a man
Is the wealth I will have, nothing less, if I can!
Let others look out for the silver and gold,
But mine be the metal no miser has told.

'Tis not the hard hand that a husband needs fear,
But the hand that is helpless when Poverty's near;
The heart but unchanged, be the hand as it may,
It is still the same hand that the heart gave away.

Poor mortals are they who regard as a sin
That a ray of God's sun should alight on the skin;
What though it may render the lily less fair,
'Tis but an exchange for the rose that is there.

Oh, never be mine the gay nymph with her eyes
For ever on nothing but life's vanities;
Can ye wonder, fair maidens, that love should grow less,
With so little, so often, to cherish or bless?

No; mine be the wife that will deem it a duty
To remember, while grateful to God for her beauty,
That He who first robed out the fields in their pride
Put the daisy therein for a grace and a guide.

And mine be the wife, though temptation surround,
That will seldom be far from her fireside found,
Who will see little charm in the home of another,
While her own is all heaven, in each to the other.

Who will turn a dull eye to the trinkets and toys
For the which may the bosom have bartered its joys,
And in womanly pride, to her innermost blest,
Point, proud, to a brighter that hangs at her breast.

Ah, that is the wife that will cheer me in age,
Who, when I look back upon life's early page,
And call to my mind the dear days that are fled,
Will still, with a smile, bid me hold up my head.

Yes, when grey is the hair that is brown on my brow,
She will sit by my side as contented as now,
And tell me in looks, as no language can say,
I never was happier, lad, than to-day.

FRANK JOHNSON.

Ascot, E. Townships, Q.

THE HERO OF THE "ARETHUSA."

BY ETHEL C. GALE.

It was soon after the Indian mutiny had been quelled, and men felt that it would again be safe to have wives and children by their sides in India, that my father sent for me to join him in Calcutta. The "Arethusa," upon which I took passage, was a fine, new sailing vessel, fitted up with great care for her first voyage round the Cape. There were comparatively few male passengers, but the ship's ample accommodations were crowded by wives, mothers, and daughters, embracing their first opportunity to join those of their dear ones who had survived the horrors of the mutiny. Of those on board probably not one had escaped the loss of some friend near and dear.

With all its freight of sorrow-stricken passengers the social atmosphere of the Arethusa, though not bright, was far from sombre. Each sufferer unselfishly sought to make life less a burden to the others, and the result was if not happiness, yet at least as much of cheerful rest as often falls to the lot of mortals.

Of course we had our bit of romance, though there was small chance for such a thing where most of the ladies were wives or recently made widows, and all of the gentlemen were either accompanied by their wives, or crippled, or too much given over to the morose humors which beset the age of an English East-Indian, to have patience with such follies. So our innocent trifle of romance was only a violent attachment between a handsome little fellow of ten, the youngest of the merchant-servants middies—of whom there were on board about a dozen of all ages up to nineteen—and the pretty seven-years-old daughter of our most distinguished passenger, a General, and a K. C. B. As a general thing, any passenger-ship going to Calcutta can number from twenty to forty children, but Joe and Nelly were the only ones on the "Arethusa," and they became the pets of us all.

After more than three months of almost uninterrupted good weather we were overtaken by one of the deadly calms which sometimes fall upon the Indian Ocean. The great ship lay motionless upon the water which, was as dull, and seemingly as dense as tarnished brass. The sun was invisible through the thick atmosphere, but the whole heavens seemed a glaring, burnished vault of copper. There was no distinguishable horizon line: the copper and the brass seemed to be fused together by the intense heat, and formed around us a great hollow ball in the lowest depth of which we were immovably fixed. As far as our eyes could reach there was no sign of life. If we looked downward, the dense, dull, brazen surface gave back only a reflection of heat. If we looked up, the burnished copper seared our eyeballs with its fiery glow. The sailors forgot to swear, the incorrigible jokers were silenced, the chronic complainers for once were mute, and even the flutter of fans ceased from sheer exhaustion.

Little Joe and Nelly sat on the stairs at the foot of the companion-way as mute as all the rest. Suddenly Nelly exclaimed:

"My feet are hot!"

"Of course they're hot," said her father; "What isn't hot I should like to know?"

"But, papa, it's a fire-hot, feel!"

The general did not stir, but Joe put down his hand and touched the iron square, like a furnace register, which was inserted in the floor, and which may sometimes have served as a ventilator to the hold below.

"It is hot!" he exclaimed, so excitedly that the general's attention was aroused and he, too, felt the iron, and immediately grasping a screw-driver which lay conveniently near—the children having been using it in their play of the early morning—began hurriedly removing the screw which prevented the register from turning. Looking through it at the same moment that he did, I saw what appeared to be a ball of flame resting on a barrel directly under the register. Quickly closing this, the general said to me in a hurried undertone:

"Say nothing, Miss Gordon, let no one turn it;" and he sprang up the stair to call the attention of one of the officers.

Such, however, was the languor that no one noticed the little episode, and my watch was uninterrupted. Standing thus over the register, already so heated that it burned through the soles of my slippers, and breathing an atmosphere of scorching heat, my very heart grew cold as I looked upon the unconscious faces of the passengers scattered about the cabin in every attitude of langor and depression, for I remembered the nature of the cargo. In Liverpool we had been told that the "Arethusa" was ladened only with cannon and balls, going out to the troops. But three days before this, I had heard the captain sharply chiding the third officer for allowing a lighted candle to be carried into a "hold full of brandy and gunpowder." Now I was standing directly over a bell of fire placed certainly in the hold with the gunpowder, and perhaps on one of the very barrels which contained it. Probably I did not keep my station more than a minute, but, to measure time by sensations, it was long hours before my heart grew warm enough to beat again; and then I looked about the cabin in a sort of stupid amaze to see the same people in the same position they had filled so long ago, and wondered in a dazed way whether death had not come and chained us all in our places instead of scattering our dismembered bodies far and wide over the brazen sea, as an explosion should have done.

"Miss Gordon!" it was little Nelly pulling at my dress, "Miss Gordon, please come upstairs with me to look for Joe."

Thus brought back to consciousness, and finding that no one was likely to disturb the register, we ascended the companion-way, Nelly to look for Joe, and I to see if any one had gone into the hold.

We were just in time to see Joe's tiny figure flashing up from the hold, grasping at arm's length a flaming mass of something which he cast over the ship's side into the hissing sea. The chief mate, running after the boy, caught him in his arms and extinguished the flames by pressing the brave little fellow against his own broad chest, while a sailor quickly threw a blanket around the two. The poor boy's hands and arms and chest and one side of his face and neck were found to be fearfully burned, but for awhile his intense excitement made him insensible to the pain, and he declared he was not hurt.

The sudden confusion on deck roused even the most exhausted of the passengers, and all came thronging up to learn the cause, feeling no apprehensions, but full of the aimless curiosity which is the stimulant of the idle. The ship's officers and the middies, pale and excited, gathered around poor little Joe, eagerly questioning. The general with a sob caught and pressed his little daughter closely in his arms.

"You see, sir," said Joe, touching his cap with the piteous, ragged, brave right hand, "when I felt the iron so hot I remembered all at once what was in the hold, and how I saw somebody going down in there a while ago with a lighted candle in his hand. So I just ran down and found the hold wasn't locked, and the candlestick, all afire, was on top of one of the queer barrels, sir, close up under the cabin-floor."

The captain gave a startled glance around to see if Joe's intimation of something dangerous in the hold attracted attention; but all those who had not previously known it were too interested to heed the allusion.

"There was nothing particular in the hold, Joe, you know; nothing very particular," said the captain, with an uneasy bluster of unconcern. "But the candlestick all afire! How was that? Candlesticks are not made of wood or pasteboard."

"I don't know how it was, sir," but I suppose it was so hot in the hold that the candle melted and ran down, for the bottom of the candlestick was full of fire, and I just grabbed it and ran, and that's—"

Just here, poor, brave, little Joe became conscious of his pain, and turning white, fell into the captain's ready arms.

The tearful surgeon—his eyes were full of tears, though no one would have dared to tell him so, pronounced the boy's burns to be so very bad, but not of themselves dangerous, if only the weather would cool and he could have perfect quiet. The results of the nervous shock, he said, were more to be feared than the injuries, bad as they were.

I could not do much, but at least I could give him a more quiet resting-place than his own, and at my urgent request he was carried to my stateroom after his cruel burns had been dressed on deck. He fainted twice during the operation, but gave no groan or cry. I was glad when at last he lay untormented in my berth, and quieted by the powerful opiate.

Very few of the passengers knew the peculiar danger from which we had been saved by the wonderful presence of mind and active courage of the noble boy; but all knew that if the ship, dry as it was from the long-continued, rainless heat, had once taken fire there would have been hardly a possibility of extinguishing it, and that we should then have had to take to the boats. That the cask, already charred by contact with the intensely hot metal candlestick, held gunpowder was fortunately known to but few.

At last the opiate took its effect, and I listened, quietly fanning him the while, to the troubled, heavy, unconscious breathing of the narcotized boy. The general stood looking at him with a working face.

"Miss Gordon," he said after a little, "I've no son; I'll adopt that boy if I can get him. Do you know if he has parents living?"

I did not know, and said so. The surgeon, too, had come in, though it was close standing for us all in the stateroom, and he now spoke.

"Parents! I hope not, poor little chap."

"Do you mean—"

The general spoke huskily, drawing his thick eyebrows down hard with the effort to look calm.

"Do you think—"

"It was the nervous strain and shock, you see," proceeded the surgeon. "He knew what was there in the hold, and I believe he felt that all the lives on board were in his hands. I don't think he thought of his own. He might have stood the shock without the burns, or the burns without the shock; but both and this awful heat, no."

Poor, brave, little Joe!

While we were talking, a sudden commotion came on deck, and the vessel began to rock heavily. The hurried stamping of feet, the rattle of cordage, and shouting of orders, portended a swiftly coming storm, though there was not yet a breath of wind, and we still sweltered in the little airless stateroom, through which no draught could be coaxed. Soon the deadlights were put on and hatches battened down. The one sperm-oil lamp in the cabin flickered heavily, as if oppressed by the lifeless atmosphere, casting only the dimmest of rays through the stateroom door. In the cabin were assembled most of the passengers, ghastly-looking from the sickly yellow cast of the lamp, not yet from fear.

The storm that came with such sudden fury did not beat down upon us, but rather kept plucking the great ship from her brazen bed and hurling her back upon it in a rage of spiteful cruelty that would never be satisfied. Little Joe, locked in his berth for safety, already unconsciously suffered for breath. Several of us by turns tried to fan him; but, beaten and tossed from side to side as we were, the effort was nearly useless. No air penetrated our grave-like confinement. In a world full of hurtling winds, we, helpless, locked up with death, grasped for one mouthful of air. More than one in the low cabin lay in a death-like swoon long before morning, but while despair is a narcotic, terror is a powerful stimulant, and the most of us, stifling and panting as we were, were yet intensely alive to every sound.

Nothing can convey to the ear that has not heard them the awful dread inspired in the helpless passengers of a storm-tossed ship, by hearing the strange sounds whose cause he cannot see. The tortured groans of the straining timbers; the shrieks of the shrinking cordage; the rushing, maddened whirl and flap of the riven sails—like nothing so much as the wild scream of a terror-crazed animal, the hurried, stumbling tread of storm-beaten men, bravely fronting an unseen, terrible force; the sharp crack of a breaking spar; the sullen thump of the vessel as it falls back upon its cruel bed; or the ponderous blows of the waves as they fall with vicious thud upon the poor ship's quivering sides, are all a thousands times more dreadful to the useless passenger than would be the most horrible dangers which he could see and face.

Underneath these sounds, common to every ship in a furious storm, we heard a sound for which none of us could account. A long, thunder-like roll and a sudden blow, then a sharp knock and heavy fall; again the roll and blow; again the knock and fall. Endlessly repeating itself, this sound which was below, and not above us, or on either side, acquired a monotonous awfulness like the pangs of a useless remorse. It conquered all other sounds, and with them all thoughts or emotions not connected with itself. Life, death, hope, fear, pain, sorrow, were as nothing compared with that one undertone of mysterious menace. We even—and this is much more wonderful than that we should have forgotten the greater things—forgot the petty discomforts of our situation, the drizzles and sometimes streams of water that poured through the draught-shrunken boards of the ceiling, the heat, and the many knocks and bruises. Small things as well as great passed unheeded under the nightmare oppression of this uncomprehended terror.

Afterwards we learned its simple meaning. Besides the brandy and gunpowder, we really had on board a number of the unmounted cannon which with the balls we had been told in Liverpool formed our cargo. One of these, a monster, more insecurely lashed than the others, had broken loose during the storm, and rolled and tumbled from side to side over its slumbering fellows, in sullen resentfulness trying to beat its way out of its unquiet prison in the lower hold, down to the region unvexed by storms. It was a real danger, this vagrant cannon, but had we known just how real and imminent was the danger of its beating a hole through the ship's bottom, I think we should have suffered less than we did through that long night of darkness and fear. The unknown is immeasurable; and the immeasurable defies courage, while it crushes reason.

Was it only one night, that long agony of suffocation and dread? They told us so afterward, the captain and the others to whom the fierce battle had made the night seem short; but we never believed them.

Through that time—whether it was one night or twenty—we watched our poor little Joe as well as we could amid the tumult and dismay; but when the morning came, and the storm had raged away from us, leaving the gay "Arethusa" torn, battered, and half a wreck, and we were once more permitted to let in the daylight and the freshened air, we saw a coming glaze and set of the brave eyes and mouth, and a distressful heaving of the noble little frame, that told us all care was vain.

Once only, during the night the noise of the storm had overcome the effects of the opiate, and he said with a sort of wondering fear in his voice:

"What is the matter? Didn't I do it in time?"

"Yes, dear," I answered, putting the hair softly back from the uninjured side of the pale forehead, "Yes, you were quite in time to save us all."

"Thank God," he whispered reverently.

Then a moment or two later, speaking a little thickly, as if the tongue was doing its work unwillingly, "Tell my mamma that I knew she would wish me to try to save them, and I am glad."

Then I knew that his noble act had not been one of accidental heroism, but that he had fully appreciated the risk he ran and its consequences, and had faced them consciously. And in the heart of the racking storm and terror I prayed earnestly that as the bereaved mother must know that she had lost her son, some one of us, at least, might be spared to tell her how unselfishly his brave young life had been given up.—*Christian Weekly.*

—He that walketh with wise men shall be wise: but a companion of fools shall be destroyed.—Proverbs XIII., 20.

THE SPENDTHRIFT.—A FAITHFUL MOTHER'S REWARD.

BY REV. T. D. WITHERSPOON.

Evening service was over and the congregation was moving slowly down the aisles, when my eye rested upon the form of a man still seated, with his head leaning upon the pew in front as if in silent prayer. Not wishing to disturb his devotions, I resumed my seat in the pulpit and was soon lost in thought. The service had impressed me as a failure. The sermon on the text, "Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread?" had been intended for a full congregation. It had been preached to a little handful of zealous workers, who had braved the exposure of an inclement winter's night. A sense of disappointment oppressed me. I had a fearful attack of the "pulpit-blues."

From this unpleasant reverie I awakened after a little to find the congregation gone and the mysterious stranger still sitting as before with head bowed upon his hands. I approached him, fearing that he had been overcome with strong drink or sleep, or both; but as he heard my footsteps he raised his head, cast a searching glance upon me, and while his whole frame quivered with emotion, uttered in an excited tone the words, "Had ye a letter from her?"

I recognized at once the broad Scotch accent which told the nationality of the speaker, a man apparently of thirty years of age.

"A letter from whom?" I asked as kindly as I could.

"From my auld mither," his voice fairly choking with emotion. "Has she na' written you a' aboot me?"

"No, my friend," said I, "I have not received any letter from your mother."

"From our minister, then," said he; "for aweel I know some one has written you a' aboot me."

"And why do you think some one has written to me about you?"

"How could ye a' preachit aboot me as ye did, and told the folk how I had left my hame, and braken my mither's heart, an' wandered away an' a' that? Asure I am the man, the wretched God-forsaken man, ye were telling of. Aoh, sir," said he, almost convulsed with agony, "ye never met sic' a spendthritt before—my time, my money, my friends, my health, my good name, my character, a', a' squandered and gone. I am forsaken of my God and deserted of men. The pit is before my feet. I have wasted it all. I have nothin', nothin' left."

As soon as he became calm enough to listen, I said,

"No, my friend, it is not all gone. You have something priceless left yet."

He looked up as one who in his despair grasps at a straw, as he asked,

"And pray, sir, what can it be?"

I answered slowly, looking him in the eye to see what impression would be made,

"You have a mother to love you and to pray for your forgiveness and reformation."

The words were like a talisman. The deep currents of the soul were opened up. The warm emotions gushed forth. The hot tears chased each other down his cheeks as he said,

"It was her prayers that brought me here to-night. If anything could save me from this awful pit, it would be the answer to her prayers."

Subsequent conversation revealed the fact that he was reared in Edinburgh, the son of a pious mother, who was left a widow in his early childhood. He had come to this country, found profitable employment, accumulated money, with the old story of evil companionship, intemperance, card-playing, descent from one step of degradation to another, until he had reached the lowest pitch of humiliation and shame. Meanwhile years had rolled on. Communication with home had ceased. The sanctuary and the Sabbath had been forgotten. All early associations had lost their power save one—the memory of a mother's love and a mother's prayers. He had changed from city to city only to repeat his course of dissipation and folly. A few weeks before he had come to the city in which I ministered, had secured profitable employment, lost his situation because of drunkenness, spent his money in a gambling-hell, been arrested for vagrancy, served his time in the chain-gang, been released the morning before that of the night on which we met; had walked the streets from morning until night seeking employment but finding none; had roamed through the Sabbath-day penniless, friendless, cursing God in his heart, and as the shadows of the evening gathered over the city had determined, under the gnawings of hunger and the more fearful gnawings of despair, that he would resort to burglary as a last means of supplying his wants. Truly his feet were upon the very borders of the pit.

But God's time to answer a mother's prayers had come. As he passed under the eaves of the church, his ear caught the notes of a hymn sung to his mother's favorite tune. He stopped for a moment to listen. The hallowed memories of the past crowded upon him. He turned almost involuntarily and entered. The text followed the hymn, and was driven like a nail in a sure place by the Master of assemblies. The Holy Spirit brought every word of the sermon home as though it were meant for him. His whole secret life was uncovered to him, and, as he believed, to others, too. Out of the agony of that night, such spiritual agony as I have never witnessed elsewhere, it pleased God to evoke the light and joy of reconciliation and peace; and through long years of consistent Christian living and faithful Christian service, Robert A. approved the genuineness of the change which came in answer to a mother's prayers.

A few weeks later, it was my privilege to read the letter which he received from his aged mother, in reply to one announcing his entrance upon the new life. That letter revealed a life that through long years had been given almost exclusively to importunate prayer for an erring son, and a faith that had never, even in the darkest hour, despaired of a gracious answer from above.—*Christian Weekly.*

THE FUNERAL OF A SULTAN.

BY HENRY O. DWIGHT.

Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz, of Turkey, had brought his country to the verge of destruction by his extravagance, and by his intractableness he had prevented any recovery of strength. Hence, when he was dethroned on the 30th of May, joy was general among the people. It was rather a matter of surprise that the dethroned monarch had not been made away with, but no one pitied him when it was known that he had been locked up with his family, among the ghosts and ghouls of the old Seraglio. There was even a little wonder expressed when the new Sultan graciously allowed the old one to leave those blood-stained halls for a bright new Kiosk on the Bosphorus. But, frantically crying out against the fate which had dashed him from the height of despotic rule over 40,000,000 of people to the depth of nothingness, the poor old man opened the veins of his arms, and so killed himself; and then there was a relenting among the people and a genuine burst of sympathy. The orders of the Sultan Murad that Abd-ul-Aziz should be buried with the same pomp as if he had died on the throne met this reaction of sympathy on the part of the people, and accorded with it. The ex-Sultan committed suicide on the 4th of June. According to the Turkish custom the funeral must follow death with all possible haste. Custom in Turkey, so often exactly the reverse of custom in Europe, is in this case also diametrically opposed to our ideas, and stigmatizes as indecent delay of even twelve hours in the burial of the dead. So, as soon as an inquest had been held, a small steamer from the arsenal called at the quay in front of the palace and removed the body to the old palace of the Seraglio, known to all travellers as the place where the Treasury and Library are found. Here a number of religious teachers and Imams had gathered to lay out the body, and the Ministry had also gathered in the reception rooms to take part in the funeral procession.

The body was taken to a special room in the Treasury building. This room has been used for more than a hundred years, perhaps even from the first days of Turkish rule, for the performance of the last offices to dead royalty. Many a bloody corpse has been laid out in that room. From this place the procession moved about 4 o'clock p. m., on its march by the "Gate of Happiness," through the court-yard where the heads of fallen favorites used to be exposed, by the porphyry sarcophagi under the walls of the Church of St. Irene, through the "Auspicious" Gate into the street which circuits St. Sophia, and thence across the end of the hippodrome, to and up the broad Divan Yoli, to the mausoleum of Sultan Mahmoud.

The troops moved hastily, almost shuffling along, at a route step. Following them were a hundred or two of men in black broadcloth coats buttoned up to the chin, functionaries about the late court, and very ordinary-looking officials from the public offices, easily recognizable anywhere, I imagine, as parasites. Then came several portly gentlemen in military uniform, with many orders on their breast and with much gold on collar and sword belt. These were the Ministry and high functionaries of Government—Abdi Pashi, the Minister of the Police, a benevolent looking old man with a flowing white beard; Hussein Avni Pasha (since assassinated) the Minister of War, a large strong man with full face and iron-gray beard; Mithad Pasha, the soul of the recent revolution, a man with close cut gray beard and moustache, prominent nose and piercing black eye; and, finally, Mehmed Rushdi Pasha, the Grand Vizier, a small, rather feeble man with sunken cheeks and short-pointed beard as white as snow; and after these were many others of the official circles. Crowding close upon them came a motley crowd of ulema and Softas, the religious teachers and theological students of the Moslem system, and as they marched they chanted, in a full baritone, prayers, keyed to a minor strain, for the repose of the departed one. The chant stopped now and then for the great chorus of "*Amin*," recited in tones which seemed to come from cavernous depths in the chest. All these were also singing, according to the particular fashion of each group, wild songs—unwritten and unwritable, as to the music of them—appropriate to the occasion, or simply ejaculating "Allah! Allah!" while they foamed at the mouth from emotion. Then came more white-turbaned ulema, dervish sheiks in black, white and green turbans, dignitaries from Mecca in green robes, and finally the chief expounder of the holy law—the great Sheik-ul-Islam, dressed in green and gold, and supported by his lieutenants, the Cazi Askers. He had signed, six days before, the *fetva* or rescript authorizing the dethronement of Abd-ul-Aziz, and now, directly behind him, was borne by ten men the rough bier of unplaned cypress-wood boards, which contained under its roof-like cover the mortal remains of the fallen monarch. At the head of the bier was a sort of post bearing the fez of the Sultan, and from this post hung suspended the great jewelled star of the order of Mejidie which the dead man had worn in life. The rough boards of the bier were hidden from view by costly Indian shawls; and there seemed to be a continual scramble among the bystanders for the privilege of bearing the corpse: the bearers were constantly thrust to one side by new aspirants for the honor. After the body were more officials, more servants and more guards; and last of all came a man on horseback with a sack of silver coin, which he scattered to the right and left as he went. The whole street was a solid mass of people, and when this scatterer of money appeared there ensued a scene defying description. The rabble behind the procession and the rabble on each side became involved in fierce fighting over the little coins, and women and children were thrown down and trampled upon, coats were torn, hats, and even shoes, were lost, and the cries, "Where is my hat?" or "Where is my shoe?" were more vehement than the screams of the bruised and wounded, and mingled with childish wails of "Where's my ma?" Leaving a chaos like this behind it, the procession moved calmly on.

Arrived at the beautiful octagonal mausoleum, remembered by every traveller who has visited Constantinople, the troops formed in line to hold back the mighty crowd of Turkish women and sight-seers, and the procession passed into the grounds of the mausoleum, halting about the building, while only the chief dignitaries entered. An opening had been made in the floor of the mausoleum, and underneath, by the side of his illustrious father, they buried the poor old man who had been a Sultan. The Turkish funeral exercises at the grave are few and simple, the same for king and slave. The prayer was quickly said, and before the grave was half filled the great concourse had melted away. The windows of the mausoleum were closed and barricaded from the inside, and until late in the evening could be heard the voice of the solitary priest by the side of the grave, alone with the spirit of the dead man, exhorting the departed one to be of good cheer and to answer truly the questions of the recording angel who within three days according to Moslem belief, comes to the grave to examine into the deeds done in the flesh. A weird, unearthly voice it was which thus rang out upon the air, rising sometimes almost into a shriek, then falling into a low moaning wail of inexpressible sadness.

And so ends the history of the reign of Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz of Turkey.—*Christian Union, June 6th*, 1876.

WHICH?

BY MARY B. LEE.

"Owe no man anything, but to love one another."

"Good morning, Mr. Anderson; pleasant weather for this climate. I've called on a little business,—in fact, to give you an opportunity to devote some of your means to a good work."

"Indeed, what is it?"

"A new church for the English residents. You know we worship in a very mean building, and if the prosperous merchants, like yourself, will suscribe, say £200, and other smaller amounts, we can have a fine building, an ornament to the town. Come I know you'll put your name down for £200. There's Tuttle & Wood, £200; Robinson & Sons, £200; Wheeler & Co., £200. Just write Anderson, £200."

"I must think over the matter first. I cannot put down my name for £200 as easily as those gentlemen you have named."

"Well, then I'll call again."

"Let me see," said Mr. Anderson, when his visitor had departed, I don't like to appear mean, and the church is needed, but whenever I wish to be generous that old text comes up 'Owe no man anything,' and I feel bound to be honest first. I must look at my list of debts. Ah! there's that old one of Nat Kirby's. How kind he was about it! He told me not to worry, but to pay it when I was able. He has never written, so I have left it till the last. I wonder if I had better subscribe to the building fund or pay Nat. I don't like to refuse when all the merchants are contributing; Nat is a rich man and can afford to wait. I believe I'll subscribe and let the debt wait."

Still Mr. Anderson was not satisfied. The subject tormented him all that afternoon and the next morning. "Owe no man anything;" "Be just before you are generous," whispered Conscience. "Do as your neighbors do," said Pride. "Thou shalt not steal. That money is Nat Kirby's. You have no right to use it," answered Conscience.

Mr. Anderson made up his mind to pay what he owed first, help the church afterwards. He took Kirby's account, and calculated the interest and found the amount to be nearly £200. He wrote a note thanking Mr. Kirby for his forbearance and telling him of the draft inclosed.

Of course Mr. Anderson could not subscribe to the building fund of the church. He had the moral courage to *appear* mean rather than to *be* mean.

Some years before he had failed in business, and left England to retrieve his fortunes in the West Indies. He was prospering, but the payments of old debts prevented him from having anything to spare.

While the draft directed to Nathaniel Kirby, London, England, is lying in the mail-bag, with many other messages of joy and sorrow, Mr. Kirby was passing through a very sorrowful period of his life. He too had failed and left London for the United States. Times were bad and Mr. Kirby soon exhausted his means. Still he struggled and toiled and hoped for better days, till sickness laid hold of him and the strong man gave way. The terrible heat was very hard on Mr. and Mrs. Kirby, both weak and ill. There was no money to buy fruit or needful food. Everything valuable had been parted with, and debts had been incurred for the necessities of life.

Mr. Kirby lay very still. Jessie Kirby, the oldest daughter, was fanning him. Mrs. Kirby lay in the next room, the second girl attending her. The small, close rooms were stifling, and Jessie sent her brothers and little sister out to find a shady place to sit. She kept fanning her father and weeping. She was startled by the postman's loud impatient knock, and ran down, little dreaming of what awaited her.

The postman handed her Mr. Anderson's note to "Nathaniel Kirby, London, England." It was re-directed to Dey street, New York, United States. It had been across the Atlantic twice.

"What is it, Jessie?" asked Mr. Kirby, in weak tones.

"A letter for you, father. See, it was directed to London first, and then to New York."

"Open it quickly. That first direction is like Will Anderson's writing. I have been thinking of him all the morning. The money he owes would be a fortune to us now."

"Yes, father, it is from Will Anderson."

"Read it, I can't see."

"My dear Friend.—With many thanks for your great kindness and forbearance when I was in such trouble, I enclose a draft for £150 with interest to date, amounting to £195. Hoping you and family are well, I remain your much obliged friend.

"WILL ANDERSON."

"Thank God!" exclaimed Mr. Kirby fervently.

If Mr. Anderson could have seen the Kirbys after the receipt of his draft, he would not have had the least doubt about the wisdom of the text "Owe no man anything, but to love one another." He had honored God more by paying a just debt than he would have done by contributing money which was *not his*, to the building of a church.

Good news is a great invigorator. Unseen, intangible, it affects the nerves. The Kirbys forgot the heat and began to improve. When the doctor came, he found his patients decidedly better. Mr. Kirby was soon up and about. Small debts were paid, food and clothes bought and a few hundred dollars invested in business.

It is astonishing how much a small amount of money accomplishes at critical periods. The payment of a small debt saved Mr. Kirby from ruin.

So Mr. Anderson felt that he had decided justly, and was repaid for being *honest* first, generous afterwards.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

Be not conformed to this world.

Rom. 12 : 2.

SCHOLAR'S NOTES.

(From the International Lessons for 1876 by Edwin W. Rice, as issued by American Sunday-School Union.)

CONNECTED HISTORY.—This lesson is taken from the third division of the Book of Proverbs, which begins with chapter xxii. 17, and has been called the "Words of the Wise." It ends with chapter xxiv. This portion of Proverbs was probably arranged by Solomon from the writings of several wise and good men.

LESSON X.

SEPT. 3.]

INTEMPERANCE.

READ Prov. xxiii. 20,35. RECITE vs. 31, 32.

GOLDEN TEXT.—Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. v.: 18.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—Drunkards shall not inherit the Kingdom.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Prov. xxiii. 29-35. *T.*—Isa. v. 11-24. *W.*—Prov. xx. 1-12. *Th.*—1 Cor. xi. 18-34. *F.*—Eph. v. 1-21. *Sa.*—1 Cor. viii. 1-13. *S.*—Gal. v. 12-24.

TO THE SCHOLAR.—This lesson gives a sad picture of what we now, alas! very often see. Study it prayerfully and resolve, by the grace of God, ever to avoid this great sin, and every temptation which leads to it.

NOTES.—*Wine.* Wine has made men drunk ever since the days of Noah. There are not less than seven Hebrew words, or names, used in the Old Testament for wine and strong drink. This text very plainly and strongly points out the dangers of wine-drinking.

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) WORK OF WINE-DRINKING. (II.) DANGERS OF DRUNKARDS.

I. WORK OF WINE-DRINKING. (29.) **strifes**, drink makes men quarrelsome; **babbling** or trouble; **wounds without cause**, either wounds a man brings to himself by drink, or that other drunken ones give him; **redness of eyes**, blurred eyes.—(*Stuart.*) (30.) **wine**, the common Hebrew word for all wines; **go to**—that is into a "wine-house" or saloon; **mixed wine**, mixed with spices, or several kinds of wine mixed, making them more intoxicating than one kind alone. (31.) **Look not**, then you will not be tempted by it; **moveth itself aright**, or "goeth down smoothly."—(*Stuart.*) (32.) **At last**, not at first, or it would not be touched; **biteth like a serpent**, deadly in its effects as the poison of a serpent or an adder, one of the most deadly of serpents. (33.) **thine eyes**, drunkenness leads to other sins.

1. **Questions.**—State the title of this lesson. By whom were these warnings given; State the six woes named in v. 29. What class of persons have *these?* When are we not to *look on the wine?* Why? What does wine do at last? Why does drinking naturally lead to other sins?

II. DANGERS OF DRUNKARDS. (34.) **midst of the sea**—that is, sleeping in a rolling sea, so stupid does drink make a man; **top of a mast**, as a sailor-boy sleeping at the mast-head, in the peril of his life. (35.) **stricken me**, you say, but says the drunkard, "I am not sick;" **beaten me**, so you say, but "I feel no bruises;" **seek it yet again**, so the drunkard says; "*his* thirst is terrible and powerful" (a vivid picture of the dangers and progress of the drunkard,)—(*Stuart.*)

II. Questions.—What is said of the drunkard in v. 34? How does this show his stupidity? How does it show the dangers to which he may be exposed? What further description of his senseless state is given? How is the power of his appetite described? Why are persons in even greater danger now from strong drink? How may we be *safe* from such dangers?

"Once the demon enters,
Stands within the door,
Peace, and hope, and gladness,
Dwell there nevermore." —*Chellis.*

CONNECTED HISTORY.—This lesson is from the second appendix to Part IV. of the Book of Proverbs (chap. xxx. being the first appendix), which begins with chap. xxv. Stuart, however, calls it Part VI. He makes Part IV. begin with chap. xxv. and end with chap. xxix. Chap. xxx. he calls Part V., and chap. xxxi., Part VI. Part IV. of Proverbs was written out by "the men of Hezekiah," who ruled from about 726 B. C. to 698 B. C.

LESSON XI.

SEPTEMBER 10.]

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN. [About 700 B.C.]

READ Prov. xxxi. 10-31. RECITE vs. 25,30.

GOLDEN TEXT.—This woman was full of good works and almsdeeds which she did.—Acts ix.: 36.

CENTRAL TRUTH.—A prudent wife is from the Lord.

DAILY READINGS.—*M.*—Prov. xxxi. 10-31. *T.*—Ruth i. 6-22. *W.*—Luke i. 5-25. *Th.*—Esth. ii. 5-17. *F.*—Acts ix. 36-43. *Sa.*—1 Peter iii. 1-6. *S.*—Gen. xxiv 4-31.

NOTES.—This lesson is an alphabetical song. In the Hebrew there are twenty-two verses; the first begins with the first letter of the Hebrew alphabet, the second verse with the second letter, and so on in order to the end of the alphabet. *Matthew Henry* quaintly calls it "The looking-glass for ladies;" others have named it "The A, B, C, for wives." The writer is not certainly known. Lemuel is called the King of Massa, and Augur (chap. xxx. 1; xxxi. 1), the son of the queen of Massa.—(*Stuart.*) The topical division given below is suggested by Dr. Zockler in *Lange's Commentary.*

EXPLANATIONS AND QUESTIONS.

Lesson Topics.—(I.) IN THE HOME. (II.) OUTSIDE THE HOME.

I. IN THE HOME. (10) **Who . . . find**, in the East such women are rare (Prov. xix. 14); **rubies**, or pearls. (11.) **safely trust**, kept in ignorance, at slavish work, and bought for wives, or married without love to any that friends may select, what could be expected of Eastern women? **no need of spoil**, because of her industry. (13.) **wool . . . flax**, makes garments of these. See v. 19. (14.) **like . . . ships**, because she sells her fabrics and brings gains, as merchants' ships do. (15.) **riseth . . . yet night**, this early rising is common in Syria. (16.) **buyeth it**, with her earnings, or by her savings in the home. (17.) **girdeth her loins**. See v. 25. (18.) **perceiveth**, knoweth, understandeth, acts carefully; **candle goeth not out**, either she works, if necessary, by night, or she sees that a lamp is burning all night to protect from robbers. (19.) **distaff**, a stick or staff to hold flax or wool in spinning. (20.) **stretcheth . . . poor**, she gives to the poor and the needy. (21.) **not afraid of the snow**, for she and her house are warmly clothed. (22.) **tapestry . . . silk . . . purple**, scarlet, purple, tapestry, and embroidery are still the delight of Syrians.

1. **Questions.**—Who is described in this lesson? What is said of her value? Of her husband? Of her help to him? What is said of her work? Of her diligence? Of her care of her house? Of her use of her earnings? Of her skill in spinning? Of her kindness to the poor? Of her clothing?

II. BEYOND THE HOME. (23.) **in the gates**—that is, where court is held, and in the market-place. (24.) **girdles**, some worn by princes were very costly; **merchant**, literally "the Canaanite"—that is, Phœnician traders. (25.) **time to come**, fears no trouble or want in future. (30.) **favor**, grace of manner; **feareth the Lord**. See Prov. i. 7.

II. Questions.—Where is her husband known? What assemblies are held "in" or near the gates of Eastern cities? How was she known to merchants? Who call her blessed? How does her husband speak of her? Whom does she excel? State the two things that are called vain and deceitful. What kind of character is enduring and to be praised? Where do the works of such a woman praise her? What lessons may girls now learn from this description? What may boys learn from it? And men?

Illustration.—In all parts of the East women are spoken of as much inferior to men; and Eastern sages mention their ignorance as a thing to be praised. Some count woman's qualities to be four—ignorance, fear, shame, and impurity.—(*Roberts.*) The Bible, however, honors women, and notices many noble womanly characters, as Sarah, Rachel, Deborah, Jael, Hannah, Ruth, Abigail, Esther, the three Marys, Martha, Dorcas, Lydia, Lois, and many others.

Oh, what makes woman lovely? Virtue, faith
And gentleness in suffering, an endurance
Through scorn or trial,—these call beauty forth,
Give it the stamp celestial, and admit it
To sisterhood with angels! —*John Brent.*

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER'S PRAYER.

The leader of Thy flock must be,
Shepherd of Israel, led by Thee;
The leader of Thy lambs, be fed
With thee, O Christ, the living Bread.

Thou, Father, must our spirits bless,
Thou, Saviour, be our righteousness,
Thou, Holy Spirit, be our light,
Ere we can teach one child aright.

Great God, we feel our helplessness!
Do Thou our work assist and bless;
Oh, breathe upon us from above,
And fill our hearts with ardent love;—

Adoring, grateful love to Thee,—
If we from bondage are set free,—
And yearning love to those still found
By Satan's cruel fetters bound.

Oh, make us gentle, patient, kind;
Teach us to guide the tender mind,
By earnest words of living truth,
To Jesus in its early youth.

Oh, make each teacher wise to win
Some lambs of Thine Thy fold within,
That they, with us, may praise Thy love
Forever 'mid Thy flock above.

EMILY.

Bath, England.

—Whoso causeth the righteous to go astray in an evil way, he shall fall himself into his own pit: but the upright shall have good things in possession.—Proverbs XXVIII., 10.

ARROWS.

We might as well be honest and own that we all do like to shine; and we all may, "for they that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament." Look at the great men of Daniel's time. What becomes of them all? But here is Daniel, after 2,500 years hence, he'll be shining brighter than ever.

Many of our prayers are not indited by the Spirit, and it would be bad if we received for answer what we ask. Moses did not get what he asked; and how much better for him to breathe his life out alone on the bosom of his Lord, than to have to go fighting up and down the land with Joshua!

God loved Elijah too well to answer that prayer of his when he lay there under the juniper tree scared out of his life by one bad woman. Elijah was to go up to heaven in a chariot, instead of sneaking out of the world that way.

The world says earnest Christians are mad; if they are, they have an uncommonly good keeper of the way, and a capital asylum at the end.

The Gospel has made these three of my old enemies my friends: Death, the grave, the judgment. I used to be afraid of them, now I have no fears of them. They are my friends. —*D. L. Moody.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

TOPICS OF CONVERSATION.

The increase in the circulation of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY, from March 1st to July 13th, 1876, over the corresponding period of the previous year, is a fraction over SIXTY PER CENT. The time when that increase will be over a hundred per cent. is not far distant. If the late changes in the magazine are approved by its readers, they will assist it greatly by speaking of them to their friends. A good magazine affords many topics of conversation for the home circle. Take the present number of the NEW DOMINION MONTHLY for an example. Count Cavour's history may not be of interest to many, but what a host of recollections and matters for discussion it brings up! "The Story of Ruth" is almost an everyday one. How many are there who, rough and ungainly in appearance and manner, but possessing warm feelings, are misunderstood all their lives through, and pass for much less than they are really worth, because they believe that the good within them should be delved for by those with whom they associate? Perhaps this may account for the fact that the value of a really great man is too often not recognized till after his death, and he whom, afterwards, ages revere, is allowed to live neglected and die disheartened. Had Eli's words been as honest as his affections, he might not have so long been left to sigh, "It might have been." "Trois Pistoles" conjures up many reminiscences and pleasant adventures; and "Forest Fires" can not be read without teaching a most important lesson. How often the simplest lessons must be repeated to become a part of character! Our Lord teaches us to forgive seventy times seven; the four hundred and eighty-ninth forgiving might be of no avail, but the next may pour the "coals of fire" on the offender's head. Then there is "The House at the Bridge;" how pregnant with truth it is!—a truth that must be taught the whole life long; for men have fallen from intemperance at the close of life, who ran almost their whole race without a visible stumble. Conversation on these subjects could well occupy nights, and the young people should be allowed to listen and engage in the conversation. Their own department might also be taken up. It should not be beneath the dignity of the head of the family to devote a short time to "Boiled and Made Beautiful," for little Nellie's sake. The father will be as much, or more, benefited by it than Nellie, and before he finishes, there will be a few rays of light entering through the thick tangled labyrinth of business. Out of "How we Move About," "The Elephants," and, best of all, "Our Three Boys," will crop up so many subjects of thought that the long winter's night will end almost before it was thought to have begun, while the puzzles may do for a quieter hour. Then, again, comes the Home Department, and who can arrive at the answer to "Why?" in an evening, or even a month? It is a question which many parents for most of their lives are called upon to consider. Without going further in this subject, we recommend that the magazine be made a topic of conversation, as above suggested, whereby its value may be greatly enhanced and its influence extended. This will assist in furthering the objects of its publication, which are set forth in the Publishers' Department of the last number, as follows:

Amongst the objects for which this magazine is published are: to supply to homes a pure and instructive literature, dealing with both fact and fiction; to assist mothers in training their children, and thus in the most effectual way help to solve the problem of the future of this country; to aid the housekeeper to do her work in the easiest and best manner, and thus make each home it visits more comfortable; to teach the principles of health, that preventable diseases may be avoided; to make home happy for the little folks, by providing them with pleasant reading, pictures, and games; to supply monthly extracts from books sufficient to give the reader remote from libraries a good idea of what is going on in the literary world; and, in a word, to disseminate such literature as will conduce to the welfare of the household from the greatest to the least.—*Publishers' Department, New Dominion Monthly.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—The term of a large number of our Newfoundland subscribers ends with this month. Last mail brought quite a percentage of renewals, but many more are still to come. We hope that our friends there will remit at once so as to prevent any confusion or delay in the receipt of their papers.

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